

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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THE WRECKERS.

A CORNISH TALE.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

[Concluded from our last.]

CHAPTER II.

By the fire of a miserable hut, was seated upon a stool a female, of youthful but haggard appearance. She had an infant at her breast, and was endeavoring to lull it, rocking to and fro, with a low melancholy hum. Every now and then, she paused and listened, and after a second or two resumed her maternal task.

"Be quiet, Shark! be quiet!" she would occasionally cry, as a lean, black, rough-coated dog, between the Newfoundland and the mastiff, and which was stretched across the hearth, would raise his head, and, turning it in the direction of the door, keep howling amidst the gusts of the storm, which was slowly and fitfully subsiding.

At length the infant fell asleep, and was transferred from its mother's lap to a wretched pallet in an adjoining room.—Her charge being thus disposed of, she returned into the outer apartment. A cooking vessel was on the fire. She lifted the lid. The steam faintly rose from the contents.

"Will it never grow hot!" she impatiently exclaimed; and resorting to a bellows, through the creviced sides of which escaped the greater portion of the wind which was intended for the proper vent, proceeded assiduously, but almost in vain, to urge the sluggish fuel. "He'll brain me, if he comes home and nothing ready!" she cried to herself, in a querulous undertone. "Heaven send him luck, and I shall have peace for a day or two," continued she. "But for my baby, I wish I had never seen the face of Black Norris!"

"Let me in!" cried the wrecker at the door.

"Thank heaven, he has met with luck!" ejaculated the wretched wife. She let him in. He had a trunk upon his shoulder,

and under his arm he carried a bundle of clothes.

"Good luck, Norris?" tremulously, and half doubtfully inquired she.

"Yes!" was his sullen reply. "Why do you ask with such a face as that?"

"I was afraid you had not met with any."

"Why!" demanded he, sternly.

"From your looks," timidly responded she.

"Curse thee!" muttered the ruffian; "what business hast thou to mind my looks? Here! Lend a hand, and help this load from my back!" The trunk was deposited upon the floor. "What! Nothing ready? Hast thou not victuals in the house? Hast thou not fire? Hast thou not hands? and why is not my dinner ready? Bestir thee! I have something to do in the next room. On thy life let me not be interrupted till I have done. Haste! Give me the key of the big chest!"

"Don't wake the baby!" entreatingly enjoined the wife. "He has not slept the whole morning, and is only just now dropped off."

"Curse the child!" cried the wrecker, "thou thinkest of nothing but the child! Look to my dinner!" He went into the next apartment, shut the door after him and bolted it.

He examined the jewels again. He emptied the purse of its contents and counted them. He opened the rest of the pockets. The trowsers he had taken from the bundle and thrown upon the floor of the other room—all contained riches. He placed them upon the ground, applied the key, and hastily began to deposit them in the chest. In the progress of his work, he started and stopped short, at a shuffling of feet he heard in the outer apartment, accompanied by the sound of voices, as of persons speaking in a low key. Muttering a curse, he proceeded.

"Norris! Norris!" whispered his wife at the door. He replied not, but went on.

"Norris!" she whispered again. "You are wanted!" He answered not, but lis-

tened anxiously. All was silent.

'Norris!' she repeated.

'Silence! and confound thee!' was the ruffian's reply.

'I cannot help it, Norris!' rejoined she, still whispering. 'You are wanted, husband! O come! Do come!'

'Presently!' he vociferated. The last article was put in. He locked the chest, and unbolting the door, threw it open.

'Well! Is my dinner ready?' he noisily demanded, entering the outer apartment, and looking toward the table—which had been constructed out of the fragments of a wreck—a corpse lay stretched upon it! At the head, and at the foot was a group of his neighbors. He stood for a moment or two transfixed.

'What means this?' at length he boldly inquired, with a loud voice, striving to conceal a cowering heart.

'Merciful powers!' exclaimed one, lifting the rifled trowsers, which the wrecker had thrown upon the floor. 'Merciful powers! if it is not your father's body, Norris, that you have been stripping!'

'My father's body!' echoed Black Norris; the blood utterly forsaking his cheeks.

'Yes! There it is, stretched upon the table!'

Black Norris did not attempt to speak. He looked at the body—at the bystanders—at his wife—at the body again—with an expression of perfect vacuity in his countenance. He then approached the table, half seated himself on a corner of it, his back to the corpse, and with one leg upon the floor, kept swinging the other, looking wildly around him. His wife, who had dropped upon the stool on which she had been nursing her child, sat the image of horror. The rest kept silence.

'It can't be helped!' at last exclaimed Black Norris. 'The dead have no use for clothes. We'll bury him to-morrow, and wake him to night.'

His auditors looked at one another, but made no remark. Pipes, tobacco and spirits, were speedily procured and placed upon the same table with the corpse, which was now covered with a sheet.—Black Norris seated himself at the head. His neighbors, whose numbers were now increased by occasional droppers-in, accommodating themselves as they could, with stools, empty kegs placed on end, and pieces of plank converted into temporary forms, sat ranged around. The room waxed merry, save where the wrecker's wife sat crouching near the fire, her head supported by the wall. At length the first supply of spirits was out.

'I'll bring you better!' cried the wrecker. 'What we have been drinking was

watered. I'll bring it you as pure as from the still!'

He disappeared; and, after the lapse of about ten or fifteen minutes, returned with a fresh supply. He opened the door unobserved, but stopped short upon remarking that the place which he had just quitted, was occupied by three or four who were intently employed in examining the head of the dead body, from which the sheet had been partially removed. The rest of the company were leaning forward, apparently absorbed in what was passing.

'Tis an ugly mark!' said one.

'No rock could do that!' observed another.

'No!' interposed a third; 'tis more like the blunt end of an axe-head; see! here is the regular mark of the edge, all round! I would not be Black Norris for all he has got by this day's work!'

'Why not?' vociferated the wrecker, springing forward and confronting the speaker.

Every eye was turned toward the wrecker, in whose countenance desperation and gathering fury were fearfully depicted.—No answer was returned to his question.

'Why not?' repeated he, with increased vehemence.

'Why not!' echoed the young man, recovering from temporary surprise. 'Why, who was it stove your father's forehead in, Black Norris?' added he, after a pause.

He had scarcely time to duck his head. The vessel which the wrecker carried, flew over it, and in the next moment the young man's throat was in the ruffian's gripe.

'Loose your hold of him!' cried several all at once. Black Norris paid no heed to them. Three or four of the strongest and boldest rushed together upon him at once; overpowered him and rescued his almost suffocated victim. The wrecker drew his knife and brandished it. They rushed upon him again before he had time to make a stroke with it, and wrenched it from him. His wife, who, it appeared, had retired into the inner apartment during the interval of her husband's absence, now burst from it, sank on her knees before him, and, clasping him round the legs with one arm, while with the other she supported her infant, implored him to be calm. A blow levelled child and mother to the earth! With horror of the savage act, the spectators stood awhile, as if bereft of the power of speech or motion.—For a second or two the wrecker glared around him like a fiend, then suddenly rushed into the inner room. He searched here and there, blaspheming all the time, cursing this thing and that thing, as any thing came to his hand except what he

wanted. At length, however, he succeeded in finding his pistols. Then a pouch filled with slugs, and last of all, a powder-horn, presented themselves. Hastily he loaded and primed the weapons, and proceeding to the door with one in each hand, advanced a pace into the other apartment.

'Now!' roared the wrecker, 'now, who is the man to come on?' No one stirred. 'I give you just as much time,' continued he, 'as it will take you to clear the house. When that is expired, I fire at the man that remains.'

A wild, shrill, piercing laugh was the answer to his menace. It came from the head of the corpse. The maniac was standing there. The wrecker's axe was in her hand; the blunt end resting on the mark in the dead man's forehead.

'Ha! ha!' she cried, exultingly; 'there is your father, Black Norris! a corpse upon the plank of wood, to get possession of which, you murdered my father; and here is your axe upon the mark which you made in your father's forehead when I told you, as you were rifling him on the beach, that his eyes were moving, and you coaxed me to leave you alone with him! See how nicely it fits! But I knew you, and stole back! I did, Black Norris! And I saw the blow! and heard the crash! and snatched up your hatchet when you threw it behind you; and ran away with it! Give you joy of your diamonds and your gold, Black Norris! A fair day! Is it not? A fair, lovely day! a fair, lovely, bonny day!'

The wrecker had been gradually raising his right arm. It was now nearly brought to a level. He fired! but the charge perforated the roof. His arm was struck up by some one, and at the same moment he felt himself powerfully pinioned. He looked round; he found himself in the hands of four of the preventive guard, accompanied by Kate's lover, with the staff of a boarding-pike in his grasp.

That day, having completed the business which called him from home, had the young man returned. His first inquiry was for Kate. She had been at her usual pranks, and had stolen away. He sought her in all her haunts—she was nowhere to be found—dispirited and fatigued, too; for he had walked upward of thirty miles since morning; he was repairing home when he received, from a group returning from the wreck, and of whom he made inquiries after her, an account of her appearance among the wreckers, and her wild, mysterious prophecy, which had been so strangely fulfilled. Revolving what he had heard, he lifted the latch of his mother's door, and entered; but stopped short. A female, almost naked to the zone, was

sitting with her back toward him; her skin of so pure a whiteness, that it fairly shone. The waist and shoulders of such a mould, as of itself apprises the beholder of the presence of surprising richness; although unrefined, uninformed, he is utterly at a loss to tell in what it lies. A moment he stood; then, abashed, confounded—he was on the point of retiring, when the female turned suddenly round.

'Kate!' burst in astonishment from the young man's lips.

The next moment the maniac, unconscious of her situation, was hanging upon his neck. Wildly she kissed him; straining him to her bosom and laughing.

'He has done it! he has done it!' she almost shrieked. 'He has murdered his own father. Here is the hatchet with which he beat his forehead in,' added she, springing from him to the other end of the room, and snatching up the instrument and flourishing it; her sun-burnished hands and neck forming an extraordinary contrast with the snow which had never been before revealed to the eyes of her lover, whose mother now entering from an adjoining room with some articles of apparel upon her arm, hastily retired again, drawing the poor, half-resisting girl along with her. The former presently returned.

'She has been down on the shore all day. There has been a wreck,' said she. 'About a quarter of an hour ago she came in inquiring for you, that you might take Black Norris, as she said, and hang him; for he had murdered his father. She was wet to the skin with the spray and the rain, and I was making her change herself when you came in. Hist! she is here!'

Kate entered. Her lover looked at her. Nothing appeared now, but the hue that was the child of the weather. The hatchet was in her hand. Exultation and impatience were painted in her looks.

'Come! come!' she cried, and opening the door, at once led the way to Black Norris's. Scarcely had they got fifty yards from the house, when, at a turn in the road, they came upon four privates of the preventive service. The men were on duty. Kate instantly accosted them, related the transaction which had taken place upon the reef, and commanded them to accompany her. They looked—and obeyed.

Three weeks after, there was a trial and an execution. Black Norris was the criminal. Among the spectators at the latter, were a young man and a young woman. As soon as the body swung in the air, a shrill peal of laughter arose from one of

the crowd. It was from the female who, the next moment, lay fainting in the arms of her companion. Kate was conveyed home. She was restored to consciousness; but her mind, so highly excited before, seemed now to have sunk into a state of infantine imbecility. Thus she remained for several days, nay weeks. A gloom seemed to have overspread her lover's mind, which threatened consequences similar to those under which the being whom he so tenderly loved had laboured. He avoided society—he would hardly exchange a word even with his mother. He was continually wandering about the cliff and the shore, alone.

One day, when he had thrown himself upon the very spot where, as we related in the beginning, he had intruded upon the slumbers of the maniac—revolving the cause which now utterly absorbed his mind and soul, and lost to external consciousness—he was startled by something falling upon his face. He looked up, and saw the loved one hanging over him.—The tear-drop stood trembling upon his lid—the light of reason beamed from her eye. She pronounced his name, talked to him of her father's death, informed him that she believed his murderer had suffered the penalty of his crime, but knew not when, or by what means. He drew her softly toward him—encouraged her to speak on—questioned her, found of all that had passed since her wits had gone astray, the only circumstance which had left an impression upon her memory, was the fate of Black Norris. He now endeavored to ascertain the state of her heart with respect to him. An eye at once cast down—a burning cheek—lips that made soundless motion, confirmed the dearest hopes and crowned the most ardent wishes of his soul. Reason was perfectly reinstated—love had never lost its seat. He urged the soft confession—and her face was buried in his bosom. In a week she was his wife, and along with his mother, accompanied him to a distant part of the country, lest old and painful recollections might be recalled by the presence of scenes, alas! but too familiar.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair!
I have treasured it long as a holy prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, and embalmed
it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my
heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.

Would you learn the spell? A mother
sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hollow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my
guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks
were gray;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she
smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her
child.

Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd my earth star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath, and throbbing
brow,—

'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there
she died;

And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding tears start down my
cheek;

But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

SONG.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The tear which thou upbraidest,
Thy falsehood taught to flow;
The misery which thou madest,
My cheek hath blighted so,
The charms, alas! that won me,
I never can forget,
Although thou hast undone me,
I own I love thee yet.

Go, seek the happier maiden,
Who lured my love from me;
My heart with sorrow laden,
Is no more prized by thee;
Repeat the vows you made me,
Say, swear thy vows are true;
Thy faithless vows betrayed me,
They may betray her too.

But no! may she ne'er languish
Like me in shame and woe;
Ne'er feel the throbbing anguish
That I am doomed to know!
The eye that once was beaming
A tale of love for thee,
Is now with sorrow streaming,
For thou art false to me.

The Young Lady.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE END OF A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL PROCRASTINATOR.

'I cannot at present, the subject is too gloomy; it saddens my heart and unfits me to shine in society: these sober, melancholy thoughts come over my mind like the chilly wind-cloud, obscuring my brightness and chilling my feelings into a state of social inanity, and that too, when I am most ambitious of excelling all others in a display of wit and beauty;—last night, at Mrs D.'s party I acted as if the chill of a mental petrification were upon me. I will not endure it. I will dismiss these subjects for a time and revel free and undisturbed in the beautiful scenes of pleasure and delight that spring up, like the palaces of ancient magicians, around me—so away—

'Away with melancholy.'

Such was the soliloquy of the accomplished Miss G. She was young, for only eighteen summers had smiled upon her existence: she was beautiful, for all the village bore witness to her charms; and education had adorned her with the ornaments of literature and taste. Serious subjects had been presented to her mind, a short time prior to the hour in which this fatal resolution to procrastinate was made. A deep, religious interest pervaded the town, and many had already yielded to its power. Nor had she been exempted from a participation in serious feelings; but alas! she silenced them with the syren song of procrastination.

The reason, that seemed to beget and give birth to this unwise determination, was a mistaken idea respecting the nature and effects of piety. She had always associated this beautiful daughter of the Lord (Piety) with morbid melancholy and sombre sadness—with a renunciation of all pleasure, and a devotion to tedious and uninteresting duties. But never was there greater mistake, and never, perhaps, was mistake more common and general than on this subject.

True; piety is opposed to worldly pleasures, but these only destroy and not bless;

they only reduce their devotee in the scale of being; they hurl him from the lofty height where nature designed him to stand, and force him to a species of companionship with irrational animals. From these, piety would allure the world, and in return for the sacrifice she offers them pleasures of the purest and most exalting character; pleasures, that never satiate, but are always fresh, enchanting and new; pleasures, that elevate while they gratify, for they raise their possessor in dignity and mental majesty at every stage of his progress in their pursuit. But this was a lesson that Miss G. had not learned. Shortly after her resolution to delay the pursuit of religion, the young gentleman, who aspired to the honor of her hand, removed for purposes of business to the western countries. At first, his letters breathed of love and faithfulness, but soon their spirit and language grew cool, and then cooler—at last, he declined her correspondence!

Poor girl! this was a death blow, cruel as it was unexpected. The time of her marriage had been fixed for a few months subsequently; and now all her hopes were prostrated, like the rose under the foot of the destroyer: having no resource in religion, she was hopeless and comfortless.—Paleness now robbed her cheeks of their roseate hue; despondency settled on her brow; her once healthy and robust form dwindled away; and she soon became the mere shadow of her former self. Soon she was confined to her chamber, and then to her bed. A rapid consumption preyed upon her with the greediness of the vampire, and her friends saw her sinking into the grave in the bright spring-time of her life.

'Your earthly hopes are all withered,' said a pious friend to her one day; 'permit me to direct your attention to the sweet star, that gleams from heaven to light us poor wanderers on earth to a fairer home.'

'What star?' said she, in a whisper, scarcely comprehending the meaning of her friend.

'The Star of Bethlehem—the Lord Jesus Christ!' replied her visiter.

The dying beauty looked at her friend

with a glance of alarm—then closed her eyes—seemed convulsed with mental agony, and then, the warm tears flowed streamingly down her pale, hollow cheeks. It seemed as if some old recollection had been waked up anew, by the mention of the Star of Bethlehem. At length, recovering herself she asked;

‘Do you remember the great revival of last year?’

‘Perfectly.’

‘In that revival I sacrificed Christ for pleasures—Heaven for the world—religion for earthly amusements. I did this deliberately, calmly, decidedly, and now, I have my reward! Woe is me; for that rejection of Christ ruined me. Since then my heart has been as stone—nothing religious has affected me, and now I am about to reap my dire reward. I am dying, and oh! my soul is ruined! ruined! Oh! my heart! it bursts, it sinks!—I die—save me!’—

She fainted. The violence of the effort had exhausted her, and she could bear no more. Her affrighted mother, her weeping sisters, her pale companions gathered closely and silently around her with suppressed breath and beating hearts. There they stood in all the agony of hopeless grief.

A movement in the patient aroused them. She opened her eyes and cast a vacant stare upon the group. Her eyes closed again. Strong convulsions seized her frail frame—she groaned deeply and all was still again.

‘She is dead—my poor girl is dead!’ shrieked the mother, as she fell faintingly beside her child. And she was dead!—The mortal strife was past—she was an inhabitant of eternity!

Three days after, a long and mournful procession moved slowly and heavily thro’ the village street towards the grave-yard. It was a silent party, for not a sound, save the footsteps of the mourners, disturbed the surrounding air—even nature seemed to share the grief of the gathered village, for not a breeze sighed through the foliage—not a tree rustled its leaves and the beasts of the field looked on in dogged silence, as they bore the fair one to her last home in the yard of death.

Just as they approached the grave-yard, the sound of a horse, hard pressed by his rider, was heard advancing. Opposite that sable party the rider reined up his foaming steed, and sat, as if petrified, while it wound round the grass grown paths of the burial place and deposited its precious burden to the dust. That done, the stranger turned his horse’s head and rode away again.

He was the lover of the deceased. Hearing of her illness, his heart had smitten him, and he returned to renew his vows and fulfil his promises. He had only declined her correspondence to test her love. Fatal experiment; it destroyed the flower he prized, and left him desolate and sad, to weep over the destruction his own imprudence had occasioned.

The fatal experiment of the lover cost him his expected bride; the fatal resolution of the beauty cost her immortal bliss—it ruined her soul, and she perished hopelessly. How many have been similarly ruined, eternity alone can unfold—perhaps it will then appear that procrastination has destroyed more than any other of the grand agencies of the Evil One. If any young lady, through reading this article, should be prevented from destroying herself by procrastinating what she is conscious should be done at once, the object of the writer will be fully obtained, and his readers incalculably benefitted. DODDRIDGE.

The Wife

THE PAWN-BROKER.

Visiting a pawn-broker’s shop in Chatham street, for the purpose of redeeming some articles left by an unfortunate friend, the following circumstances arrested my attention.

A middle aged man entered with a bundle on which he asked a small advance, and which on being opened, was found to contain a shawl and two or three other articles of female apparel. The man was stout and sturdy; and I should judge from his appearance, a mechanic; but the mark of the destroyer was on his bloated countenance, and his heavy, stupid eyes. Intemperance had marked him for his own. The pawn-broker was yet examining the offered pledge, when a woman, whose pale face and attenuated

form, bespoke long intimate acquaintance with sorrow, came hastily into the shop, and with the single exclamation, 'Oh Robert!' darted rather than ran, to that part of the counter where the man was standing. Words were not wanted to explain her story: her miserable husband, not satisfied with wasting his own earnings, and leaving her to starve with her children, had descended to the meanness of plundering even her scanty wardrobe, and the pittance, for the obtainance of which this robbery would furnish means, was destined to be squandered at the tipping house. A blush of shame arose even upon his degraded face, but it quickly passed away; the brutal appetite prevailed, and the better feeling that had apparently stirred within him for the moment, soon gave way before its diseased and insatiated cravings.

"Go home," was his harsh and angry expression, "what brings you here running after me, with your everlasting scolding? Go home and mind your own business."

"Oh Robert, dear Robert," answered the unhappy wife, "don't pawn my shawl. Our children are crying for bread, and I have none to give them. Or let me have the money; it is hard to part with that shawl, for it was my mother's gift; but I will let it go rather than see my mother starve. Give me the money, Robert, and don't leave us to perish."

I watched the face of the pawn-broker, to see what effect this appeal would have upon him, but I watched in vain. He was hardened to distress, and had no sympathy to throw away. "Twelve shillings on these things," he said, tossing them back to the drunkard, with a look of perfect indifference.

"Only twelve shillings!" murmured the heart-broken wife, in a tone of despair. "Oh Robert, don't let them go for twelve shillings. Let me try somewhere else."

"Nonsense," answered the brute, "It is as much as they are worth, I suppose. Here, Mr Crimp, give us the change."

The money was placed before him, and the bundle consigned to a drawer. The woman reached forth her hand toward the silver, but the movement was anticipated by her husband. "There, Mary," he said, giving her half a dollar, "there, go home now, and don't make a fuss. I'm going a little way up the street, and perhaps I'll bring you something from market when I come home."

The hopeless look of the poor woman,

as she meekly turned to the door, told plainly enough how little she trusted to this ambiguous promise. They went on their way—she to her famished children, and he to squander the dollar he had retained.

ON DOMESTIC EMPLOYMENT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Since industry is the aliment of contentment and happiness, our sex are privileged in the variety of employments that solicit their attention. These are so diversified in their combination of amusement with utility, that no room need be left for the melancholy of a vacant and a listless mind.

Needle work, in all its forms of use, elegance and ornament, has ever been the appropriate occupation of a woman. From the shades of Eden, when its humble process was to unite the fig leaf, to the days when the mother of Sisera looked from her window, in expectation of a "prey of divers needle work on both sides, meet for the neck of those that take the spoil," down to the present time, when nature's pencil is rivalled by the most excellent tissues of embroidery, it has been both their duty and their resource. While the most delicate effects of the needle rank high among accomplishments, its necessary departments are not beneath the notice of the most refined young lady. To keep her own wardrobe in perfect order, to pay just regard to economy, and to add to the comfort of the poor, will induce her to obtain a knowledge of those inventions by which the various articles of apparel are repaired, modified and renovated. True satisfaction and cheerfulness of spirit are connected with these quiet and congenial pursuits. This has been simply and fortunately expressed by one of our sweetest poets.

"It rains! What lady loves a rainy day?
She loves a rainy day who sweeps the
hearth

And threads the busy needle, or applies
The scissors to the torn or threadbare sleeve
Who blesses God that she has friends and
home:

Who in the pelting of the storm will think
Of some poor neighbor that she can be-
friend;

Who trims the lamp at night, and reads
aloud

To a young brother, tales he loves to hear;
Such are not sad, even on a rainy day."

Knitting is a quiet employment, favorable to reflection, and though somewhat absolute not unallied to economy. It furnishes a ready vehicle of charity to the poor, and most appropriate during the severity of the winter. The timely gift of a pair of coarse stockings has often relieved the sufferings, and protected the health of many an ill-clad and shivering child. It seems to be well adapted to save those little fragments of time which might else be lost. Mrs Hannah More, whose example imparts dignity and even sacredness to common things, was partial throughout her whole life to this simple employment. One of her most interesting and playful letters, accompanied a sample of this kind of industry, as a present to the child of a friend, and stockings of her knitting entered into her charities, and were even sold to aid missionary efforts in foreign climes.

Since the domestic sphere is entrusted to our sex, and the proper arrangements and government of a household are so closely connected with our enjoyment and virtues, nothing that involves the rational comforts of home is unworthy of attention. The science of housekeeping affords exercise for the judgment, and energy, ready collection, and patient self-possession, that are the characteristics of a superior mind. Its elements should be required in early life—at least its correspondent taste and habits should never be overlooked in female education. The generous pleasure of relieving a mother and friends from the pressure of care, will sometimes induce young ladies to acquaint themselves with employments which enable them, when the more complex duties of life devolve on them, to enjoy and impart the delights of a well ordered home. To be able to prepare for and preside at the table, which shall unite neatness with comfort and elegance, where prodigality is never admitted nor health carelessly impaired, is both an accomplishment and a virtue.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY MISS LONDON.

Lady, sweet lady, song of mine
Was never meant for thee,
I sing but from my heart, and thine—
It cannot beat with me.

You have not knelt in vain despair
Beneath a love as vain,
That desperate—that devoted love,
Life never knows again.

What know you of a weary hope,
The fatal and the fond,
That feels it has no home on earth,
Yet dares not look beyond?

The bitterness of wasted youth,
Impatient of its tears;
The dreary days, the feverish nights,
The long account of years?

The vain regret, the dream destroy'd,
The vacancy of heart,
When life's illusions, one by one,
First darken—then depart?

The vacant heart! ah, worse—a shrine,
For one beloved name;
Kept, not a blessing, but a curse,
Amid remorse and shame?

To know how deep, how pure, how true
Your early feelings were;
But mock'd, betray'd, disdain'd and
chang'd
They have but left despair.

And yet the happy and the young
Bear in their hearts a well
Of gentlest, kindest sympathy,
Where tears unbidden dwell.

Then, lady, listen to my lute;
As angels look below,
And e'en in heaven pause to weep
O'er grief they cannot know.

PLEASURES OF VIRTUOUS AFFECTIONS.—If it be a proof of benevolence in God, that our external organs of taste should have been so framed as to have a liking for wholesome food—it is no less the proof both of a benevolent and righteous God, so to have framed our mental economy, as that right and wholesome morality should be palatable to the taste of the inner man. Virtue is not only seen to be right—it is felt to be delicious. There is happiness in every wish to make others happy. There is a heart's ease, or a heart's enjoyment, even in the first purposes of kindness, as well as in its subsequent performances. There is a certain rejoicing sense of clearness in the consistency, the exactitude of justice and truth. There is a triumphant elevation of spirit in magnanimity and honor. In perfect harmony with this, there is a placid feeling of serenity and blissful contentment in gentleness and humility—There is a noble satisfaction in those virtues, which, at the bidding of discipline, or by the power of self-command, may have been achieved over the propensities of animal nature. There is an elate in-

dependence of soul in the consciousness of having nothing to hide, and nothing to be ashamed of. In a word, by the constitution of our nature, each virtue has its appropriate charm; and virtue, on the whole, is a fund of varied, as well of perpetual enjoyment, to him who hath imbibed its spirit, and is under the guidance of its principles. He feels all to be health and harmony within; and without, he seems as if to breathe in an atmosphere of beauteous transparency—proving how much the nature of man and the nature of virtue are in unison with each other.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Historical.

JERUSALEM AND THE JEWS.

Vast as is the period, and singular as are the changes of European history since the Christian era, Judea still continues to be the most interesting portion of the world. Among other purposes, it may be for the purpose of fixing the general eye upon this extraordinary land, that it has been periodically visited by a more striking succession of great public calamities than perhaps any other region.—With less to attract an invader than any other conspicuous land of the East, it has been constantly exposed to invasion. Its ruin by the Romans in the first century did not prevent its being assailed by almost every barbarian, who, in turn, assumed the precarious sovereignty of the neighboring Asia. After ages of obscure misery, a new terror came in the Saracen invasion, which, under Amrou, on the conquest of Damascus, rolled on Palestine. A siege of four months, which we may well conceive to have abounded in horrors, gave Jerusalem into the hands of the Kaliph Omar. On the death of Omar, who died by the usual fate of Eastern princes, the dagger—the country was left to the still heavier misgovernment of the Moslem viceroys—a race of men essentially barbarian, and commuting for their crimes by their zeal in proselytism. The people, of course, were doubly tormented.

A new scourge fell upon them in the invasion of the Crusaders, at the beginning of the twelfth century, followed by a long succession of bitter hostilities and public weakness. After almost a century of this wretchedness, another invasion from the desert put Jerusalem into the hands of its old oppressor, the Saracen; and in 1117, the famous Saladin, expelling the last of the Christian sovereigns,

took possession of Palestine,—after another century of tumult and severe suffering, occasioned by the disputes of the Saracen princes, it was visited by a still more formidable evil in the shape of the Turks, then wholly uncivilized—a nation in all the rudeness and violence of mountaineer life, and spreading blood and fire through Western Asia. From this date (1317) it remained under the dominion of the Ottoman, until its conquest, a few years ago, by that most extraordinary of all Mussulmans, the Pacha of Egypt—a dreary period of 500 years, under the most desolating government of the world. It is equally impossible to read the scriptural references to the future condition of Palestine, without discovering a crowd of the plainest and most powerful indications that it shall yet exhibit a totally different aspect from that of its present state. Enthusiasm, or even the natural interest which we feel in this memorable nation, may color the future too brightly—but unless language of the most solemn kind, uttered on the most solemn occasions, and by men divinely commissioned for its utterance, is wholly unmeaning, we must yet look to some powerful, unquestionable and splendid display of providence in favor of the people of Israel.

The remarkable determination of European politics towards Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt, within these few years; the not less unexpected change of manners and customs, which seemed to defy all change; and the new life infused into the stagnant governments of Asia, even by their being flung into the whirl of European interests, look not unlike signs of the times. It may be no dream, to imagine in these phenomena the proof of some memorable change in the interior of things, some preparative for that great providential restoration, of which Jerusalem will yet be the scene, if not the centre, and the Israelite himself, the especial agent of those high transactions, which shall make Christianity the religion of all lands, restore the dismantled beauty of all earth, and make man—what he was created to be—only “a little lower than the angels.”

The statistics of the Jewish population are among the most singular circumstances of this most singular of all people.—Under all their calamities and dispersions, they seem to have remained at nearly the same amount as in the days of David and Solomon, never much less af-

ter ages of suffering. Nothing like this has occurred in the history of any other race; Europe in general having doubled its population within the last hundred years, and England nearly tripled hers within the last half century; the proportion of America being still more rapid, and the world crowding in a constantly increasing ratio. Yet the Jews seem to stand still in this vast and general movement. The population of Judea in its most palmy days probably did not exceed, if it reached, four millions.

The numbers that entered Palestine from the wilderness, were evidently not more than three; and their census, according to the German statist, who were generally considered to be exact, is now nearly the same as that of the people under Moses—about three millions. They are thus distributed:

In Europe, 1,916,000, of which about 658,000 are in Poland and Russia, and 453,000 are in Austria.

In Asia, 738,000, of which 300,000 are in Asiatic Turkey.

In Africa, 504,000, of which 300,000 are in Morocco.

In America, North and South, 57,000.

If we add to these about 15,000 Samaritans, the calculation in round numbers, will be about 3,180,000.

This was the report in 1825—the numbers probably remain the same. This extraordinary fixedness in the midst of almost universal increase, is doubtless not without a reason—if we are even to look for it among the mysterious operations which have preserved Israel a separate race through eighteen hundred years. May we not naturally conceive, that a people thus preserved without advance or retrocession; dispersed, yet combined; broken, yet firm; without a country, yet dwellers in all; everywhere insulted, yet every where influential; without a nation, yet united as no nation ever was before or since—has not been appointed to offer this extraordinary contradiction to the laws of society, and even the common progress of nature, without a cause, and that cause, one of final benevolence, universal good, and divine grandeur?—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

WILD REVENGE.—On the shores of Mull a craig is pointed out, overhanging the sea, concerning which there is the following tradition:

Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbuy, had a grand

hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended with her only child, an infant in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing, but the animals rushed with such impetuosity, that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death, but this punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of his clan, which, in those feudal times, was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials and the worst of crimes.

The clansman burned with anger and revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbuy, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood on an almost inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed may be easily conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had, in a moment of excitement, inflicted on his clansman.—The other replied, that the only condition on which he would consent to the restitution was, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been!

In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to any thing if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him in the abyss below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull.—*Inverness Cour.*

POMPEII.—Pompeii is not a ruin, that is, not a monument of crumbling and mouldering decay; it is only a forsaken city. That the inhabitants had time to fly and bear with them the greater part of their possessions, is sufficiently evident; but a few perished and they are

brought to our notice in a manner that renders their fate more impressive and affecting.

Here, in this villa, (his skeleton hands grasping coins, and jewels, and his coffer key,) was found the perished master, stricken in his flight, and a slave behind him with silver and bronze vases; then fled the shrieking family below to a subterranean passage, and there they perished, slowly perhaps, seventeen of them, mistress and handmaids, and faithful servants.

Here is a sadder thing:—In a little circular roofed seat by the way side, a kind of traveller's resting place, or a spot to which friends would walk, and sit chatting in the shade, here was found the skeleton of a woman, and an infant skeleton in her arms, (safely may the antiquarian write a mother,) and two other children lay by her side; precious ornaments were found on all. Perhaps she waited for the lord she loved, or for her poor handmaid, or perhaps the car was to return again and take her.

Here, again, near a portico, was found some miser, flying with his heavy, strong-wrapped hoard; the guide tells you it was a priest of Isis; and here, in her temple, were found other skeletons of men, who staid to guard or worship her revered image; and lastly, in a prison or guard house were found skeletons fastened and secured in the stocks.

However, my attempt to describe Pompeii comes not within the compass of my plan or ability. Here we follow the antiquarian with a silent attention. We are taken by him into the forum of the ancient Romans, their temples, schools, theatres; led along their streets; introduced into their houses, and shown the distribution and use of their apartments, the laying out of the gardens, we see their baths, their places of feasting, and that of repose.

You stand before their shops, and put your hand on little counters of marble, one whereof has the stain of a goblet's bottom; and where you lean, hundreds of men have leaned in their times, to take a drink, perhaps of vinegar and water, a draught common among them, and most grateful to the thirsty. You walk along the raised footway, and mark, in the carriage road, the worn wheel-track; you cross to the stepping stones, and think of the lifted toga; you stop at the open pots where streets meet and cross, and look for the damsels who came crowding with their urns to the convenient wells.

The bake-house, the wine shop, and the cook's shops, exactly similar in plan to those I have seen in Mocha and Djidda, with stoves and large vessels for boiling and preparing food, are all to be found in this silent city. You pass among the columns of many temples; you enter the hall of judgment, and walk up between its Corinthian columns, and look with suspicion on the raised tribunal and think about imperial decrees; you go into the theatres; and then on, across a vineyard to the noble amphitheatre, and ascending to the top gaze out, and forget every thing but the bright beauty of the scenery; till turning to descend, you see where the civilized Roman sat smiling, while the Numidian lion tore the frame of his captive foe, perhaps the brave, the blue-eyed Dacian; or frowning upon his youngest son, who at the first visit to the games, would look at times pale, and with an eye dimmed by a tear but not degraded by allowing it to fall.

The sun declines; your coachman looks impatient; you get in, take off your hat to let the soft air come and calm you, and reclining back with a full feeling of delighted satisfaction, are driving home.—*Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy.*

Popular Tales.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

FIRST LOVE.

A TALE OF MORE TRUTH THAN FICTION.

"Mother," exclaimed Ellen Morton, a pretty girl of fifteen, as she finished the love chapter of Lucy Sullivan in the *Recollections of a Southern Matron*, and glanced upon the next page at the marriage of Henry with an Edisto belle, "I do not like this book at all. How changing it makes first love! I am sure it is not true to nature."

"You speak, Ellen," replied Mrs Morton, smiling, "like one who feels the strength of first attachment."

"No, mother, I speak from observation. Why do you smile? True I have not seen much of the world, but every instance I have known of love confirms my opinion of its eternity."

"I do not doubt it," said Mrs M., becoming interested in the conversation, "I know that love is often as you deem it

eternal and unchanging; and yet I know it is possible for some minds to conquer and triumph over the affections of the heart when they have been unfortunately placed on forbidden objects. I will tell you a story, Ellen, a tale familiar in the remembrances of my youth—a tale of love, of disappointment, and yet of happiness.

I have no power of description like magic wand to bring my hero in living colors before you, but I must give you some idea of his appearance. Charles Bryant was tall and manly in figure, with features of the perfect Grecian model, a brow high and expanded, shaded with a luxuriance of the darkest chestnut hair, and eyes of the deepest blue with an expression that spoke the in-dwelling of a soul endowed with every high and noble gift. He was susceptible in his feelings and before childhood had passed he loved and was beloved. Anna Nelson, the object of his affections, was worthy the heart she had won, and their attachment increased with every passing year. They had made no definite arrangement for future life, yet every plan of each was connected with the other. But long as they had known and esteemed each other, their love was not to glide without interruption. As might be expected, neither was without rivals, and envy gave new venom to the tongue of slander. Heretofore they had relied on their own penetration and given no credence to idle reports; but it happened one day as Charles was returning from the residence of Anna who had just declined riding with him, that afternoon, he was joined by an acquaintance who began in the most friendly manner to condole him on the unfaithfulness of his beloved, assuring him that he was deceived by her, and, that she was then betrothed to another. Charles, indignant at the assertion, was about to contradict it, when Anna passed arm-in-arm with the person just named as his rival. Wounded pride and jealousy con-

spired to make him credulous, he poured out indignant exclamations of her inconstancy and deceit, and resolved to visit her no more. Swift as the winds his words reached her but she heard not the exciting cause. She felt as if sentence of death was passed upon her hopes, but she was proud and suffered only in silence.

"To hide one's feelings is surely not to conquer them," interrupted Ellen.

"Be patient and I will convince you that I do not think so," replied the mother, and continued her story.

"About this time Charles was called from home, and he did not regret to leave the place connected with so many unpleasant recollections, for all that reminded him of Anna had now become unpleasant to him. He did not wish to indulge in sorrow but sought the alleviation of society, and there was much in the society of L. to captivate a young man of his character and inclinations.

There was one young lady who particularly interested him. She was pretty and graceful, but her principal charm was an inexhaustible fund of wit and good humor, which banished from his mind every unwelcome reflection. He became intimate in the family and it began to be rumored that he was seriously attached to Miss Marie Somers. One evening he was spending a leisure hour as usual with her when her uncle and cousin Emily from Savannah were announced. After the greetings and introductions were over, he had leisure to observe and criticise the appearance of Emily. She was apparently younger than her cousin, with a countenance expressive of the same characteristic cheerfulness united with more sensibility. The evening wore away before Charles remembered his other engagements, and he acknowledged to himself as he departed that there was a new charm at the house of Mr Somers, and this conviction rendered his visits there even more frequent.

There was so much of sympathy and kindness in the character of Emily that almost involuntarily he communicated to her the secret of his sorrow, and at length found pleasure in talking of it to her.

The gradation from friendship to love is not always sensible, but before summer had passed and Emily was summoned home she thought that Charles' heart was no longer in Anna's keeping. Sad was the parting. Nothing was breathed of love, but a correspondence was agreed upon and their last words were promises of eternal remembrance.

Emily was welcomed home by the friends of her childhood but did not forget her friend at L. His letters were frequent. They were in the language of friendship, but seemed indited by the spirit of love. But at length this consolation failed, Charles was silent. Week after week passed but still she had no news from him. She knew not what to think. She revolved the idea of his infidelity, or sickness and perhaps death, till she grew sick at heart. At length a letter came. In a thrill of joy at the sight of the well-known hand, she hurried to her chamber, broke the seal, and glancing along the page read, "Yes, we are reconciled, and Anna will soon be mine forever." A sudden faintness came over her and it was long before she could peruse the letter.

Charles had been unexpectedly called home to his mother, he had obeyed the summons and found Anna her guest. In this character he was obliged to pay her such attentions as politeness requires, and she was under the necessity of receiving them complaisantly. Their intimacy increased, a reconciliation ensued, and the vows of their childhood were again repeated. This was the sum of his letter to Emily, and he called on her to sympathise in his present joy as she had done in his past sorrow. There was not a word of the change that had taken place in his

feelings towards her, and she began to think he had never loved her; but she read again the letters which for months past had been the food of her spirit, and she knew she had not been deceived by her hopes alone. The shock was too heavy, her health decayed, and as spring passed and summer advanced she seemed hastening to the grave. Her friends, awake to her danger, watched over her with untiring affection and at length concluded to take her to New England, as the northern climate had seemed beneficial to her in summers past. She opposed the proposition with all the strength she could command, but her motive was unknown, and her opposition being attributed to despair of recovery, was of no avail, and they accordingly embarked.

As she looked upon the waters of her own bright river she could but contrast her feelings with that light and careless joy she had known when a year ago she was borne upon its bosom, and with the pleasure she had indulged on her return in the thought of leaving one behind her to remember and love.

After a prosperous voyage, by which her health seemed little affected, they arrived at the destined port, and two days after were at L., welcomed by kind and sympathising friends. But as Emily had feared, Charles and Anna were there, and she knew it would be necessary for her to see them. They improved the earliest opportunity to call on her after her arrival, but she was prepared for the trial.—She received Charles as a friend she had esteemed, and Anna as one of whom she had heard and now rejoiced to see. She felt that she was beautiful, and, though at first there was too much repose in the expression of her countenance, she saw it only served to heighten the effect of the animation which was continually succeeding it. She could not refrain from admiration, and before they parted she loved her, though she was her successful rival.

But did Charles never think of his conduct to Emily and blame himself for exciting hopes never to be fulfilled? Yes when he saw what a change a few months had wrought in her appearance, his heart smote him as the cause of the grief which was wearing away her existence; but when he observed with what ease she received him and what affection she manifested for Anna, he was deceived and he was glad in the deception.

It could not be expected that familiarity with whatever could awaken thoughts of the past, would contribute to the happiness of Emily, or hasten her restoration to health. Nor was it so. For a few days she preserved the appearance of pleasure and concealed what was passing in the secret chambers of her heart. She not only concealed, but struggled with her emotions, and the struggle was victorious, but it was too much for her to endure. Reason forsook her at the moment of victory, and a delirious fever ensued. Parental affection with untiring care watched over her. Anna was with her, and one whom I have not before mentioned gazed with deep solicitude on her unmeaning eye and listened to her incoherent words. Henry Percey had been acquainted with Emily for a few months, he had unconsciously given her his heart, offered his hand, and been rejected. He was a favorite of her parents, she acknowledged him agreeable, and her rejection was a mystery. He had felt an unconquerable interest in her and with

goes of—he knew not what—had followed her to the North. When he heard of her sickness and delirium, he had hastened to her uncle's dwelling and found admittance to her presence. He it was that marked the first glance of returning reason and caught her first intelligent words, and none rejoiced more in her returning health. She recovered slowly, and in the interim of convalescence he was her almost constant companion. If

she rode he was by her side—and if she walked he supported her feeble steps. At length her health was established. They had been admiring one evening the rich light of a New England sunset, and she was speaking with enthusiasm of her delight in enjoying such scenes again without the restraints of sickness. Henry ventured to congratulate himself upon her recovery, to tell how dear were her life and health to him, to acknowledge that though forbidden to cherish, he had not stifled his affection for her, and to ask if he might now indulge the hope of its return. Emily was candid. She confessed the secret of her attachment to Charles as the reason why she had not favored his addresses, spoke of his reconciliation to Anna as the cause of her illness at home, and of her late fever as the effect of the struggle to conceal and conquer her affection. She said that the struggle was over, but she could not trust her heart, that its ruins would be no return for the generous offer of his love.—Henry was encouraged for he perceived it was from no dislike he had been rejected. He obtained permission to hope when her unhappy attachment should be forgotten, and was satisfied. He knew that she would triumph and he should yet be happy. She had already triumphed. She loved Anna and could rejoice in her happiness without envy. She attended her wedding, and hardly thought there was a time when she expected to be Charles' bride.

The summer passed, Emily returned home and Henry was still her companion. He was happy in her society and thought the pleasure mutual, still he did not urge his suit till she was satisfied her heart was whole.

They were married the next spring, made a tour to New England, visited Charles and Anna, and have ever been with them on terms of friendship intimate as the distance will allow. Seven-

teen summers have passed since their marriage, I have known them well, and I never knew connubial happiness more perfect or uninterrupted."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ellen, as Mrs Morton concluded her tale, "they may have had no *brawls*, but you cannot make me think Emily was as happy with Henry as she would have been with Charles. I should be willing to say neither of my dear parents had known a prior attachment."

"But you would say too much, my Ellen," rejoined Mrs M., "I have been telling you of myself. The Emily of my story is your mother." C. L. N.

Lowell, July 14, 1840.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

SICKNESS.

I knew her when her eye was bright
With laughing lustre; when her cheek
was rich

In beauty, and a magic power lurked in
The smile that played upon her countenance;

When her glad voice was music; when
her step

Was light as fairy's tread, and all around
Her breathed of life and happiness. O, how
She loved this beauteous earth! for earth
to one

So young and gay is beauteous. How deep
She drank of all its joys. I saw her then,
I knew that health gave vigor to her charms
And fervor to her spirit, and I loved
The kindly smiling goddess.

I saw her when that eye was dull
Or lighted with a glassy brightness; when
That cheek was pale and sunken; when
her voice

Was low and trembling; when she leaned
upon

A stronger arm to stay her tottering steps,
And all around her told me of decay
And death. I saw her then and cursed
the blight

That so had changed her. But I heard
her speak.

She told of joys beyond my feeble tho't;

Of pleasures such as dwell around the
throne

Of God in heaven; of haste to join the
throng

Of holy spirits there; of rapture she
Should know e'en in her dying struggle; of
That friend beloved on whom she then
would lean,

Her guide through all the shades that over-
hung

Her passage, and her entrance to the land
Of endless joy. I listened and I blest

The chastening power, e'en though it rob-
red her frame

Of grace and beauty, that had weaned her
quite

From earth, and ripened thus her spirit for
Its happy, its eternal home. ANSA.

Lowell, July 25, 1840.

THE CANARY FAMILY.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

I paid a visit to my friend Sophia, yesterday. I could describe her; but if the portrait did justice to her peculiar loveliness, every one who knows the original would know it, and that she would not like; for she is not a subject for an exhibition picture, but for an image to be worn next the heart. I may say of her, for in this feature of her character I trust that many of my young friends resemble her, that she has certain delicate chords in her composition that vibrate to whatever is beautiful and loveable. Her first glance and smile win a child's love; the most delicate flowers thrive under her culture as if they were in their native atmosphere, and the most timid birds are soon tamed by her gentle usage, and seem to make her their intimate and confidential friend.

Her favorites, at present, are a little family of canaries. She gave me their history, and it is evident that she has observed their conduct, and studied their characters, with an interest similar to that which a tender mother feels in her offspring. She, who watches over her little dependents with such love, must be a more accurate observer than the bird-fancier, who rears the bird, as the slave merchant trains his captive, for the market. We, therefore, request our readers will believe our story, and we pledge

them the word of a faithful biographer that we will not add a single fictitious circumstance to embellish it.

Sophia being much alone, procured a canary, as an innocent and pleasant companion. She preferred a male, because the male birds are gifted with the sweetest song. The little creature soon seemed to feel quite at home in Sophia's boudoir, and attached to his gentle mistress. As far as he could, he made his society agreeable. He seemed never tired of singing to her; would flourish quite a pretty little accompaniment when she played on the piano; would perch on her shoulder, for she allowed him the liberty of the room; and sometimes daintily pick from her plate when she was eating. In short, he did his best to be happy in his solitude, but after a while he got the blues, became silent, and drooped, and Sophia said it was not good for birds any more than man to be alone, so she went to Lawrie Tood's, the immortalized florist and bird-fancier, and selected the prettiest little damsel in the aviary to be a companion for our sighing bachelor.—Some persons have thought that if the President of the United States appointed all the matches in the country, they would prove full as happy as they now do. Certain it is, that if our little friend had had the pick of his own bright isles, he could not have been better satisfied, than he was with the selection his mistress had made for him. He and his helpmeet were a picture of conjugal harmony, and she, a thrifty little wife, soon began to build her nest, and thus prepare for the expected wants of a young family.

Sophia took care that she should not lack materials. She hung within the cage a net-bag, containing hay and hair. The husband seemed anxious to aid her, and certainly did his best, but he was clumsy at house-work, and Sophia observing that the little lady hardly gave herself breathing time, and afraid that she would overwork herself, contrived, while Mrs. Canary was taking a hasty dinner, dexterously to intertwine some of the hairs in the nest. But even Sophia's delicate fingers were not equal to the art of the bird. At the first glance at her nest, she lost her sweet temper, flew into a violent passion, went to work like a little fury, and in half a minute she had extricated every one of the hairs inserted with such pains, and then arranging them with the nicest skill, she seemed to say, "Shall a mortal presume to mingle her coarse labor with

that of a heaven-instructed bird?" Her mate stood by, the while, and it may be, laughed in his feathered sleeve, to find his little wife a lady of such spirit, and, like a prudent husband, resolved never to provoke it.

Sophia placed feathers within reach, aware how very carefully the bird prepares the inside of the nest, the part that is to come in contact with the unprotected skin of the young bird. It was affecting to see with what pains the little creature cut off, with her bill, the quills of the feather, as we have often seen a careful mother remove every pin and needle that could by possibility scratch her child.

Sophia once more interposed, and with better success. She scraped some very soft lint and put into the cage. This service, Mrs. Canary very thankfully accepted, for thanks are certainly best expressed by using well the gift. She instantly caught up the lint, and in a very short time completed the nest. Sophia says, and she has a right to know, that there is as much difference in individual character among birds as human beings; and that lady-birds sometimes, as well as ladies, make very indifferent house-wives. But our heroine was not one of these.—She was a pattern. Her nest was as exactly formed as if it were done by a mathematical rule, and the entire labor of constructing this beautiful little edifice was performed in one day.

In the course of a week four eggs were deposited in it; and in eleven days, or one fortnight after, I have forgotten which, four birds, three males and one female, made their appearance. And now the young husband, become a father, was more devoted than ever. He was an epicure for his wife; selected all the delicate morsels for her, and aided her in feeding the young ones. She, like all good wives, was a keeper at home. He was a pattern of conjugal kindness. Except when employed in procuring food, he laid his head beside his mate's, and if any stranger came into the apartment, he would start up, sit on the side of the nest, half extend his wings, and fix his eye on the intruder, as much as to say, "If any discourteous knight disturb my lady-love, I will battle in her behalf." But his chivalric spirit was not called into action.—Sophia took care that no one should rudely approach the cage, and the happy little family was unmolested.

It was a scene of perfect domestic hap-

piness, which, a poet says, (I do not believe him,) is the "Only bliss that has survived the fall."

Who would have thought that at this moment a cloud was gathering over this harmonious contented family?

Adjoining the house in which Sophia lives is a public garden, one of the favorite resorts and prettiest embellishments of our city. I wish I could transport all my young friends there, that they might realize some of the beautiful visions that have floated around their brains when they have been reading the Arabian Tales. The garden is laid out with taste, enriched with plants of every clime, and filled with the delicious odors of Cape jasmines and orange flowers. Every thing is managed with taste. Before a saloon in the centre of the garden is a pyramid of fragrant leaves and bright blossoms, formed by placing pots on circular benches around a pump, which but for this floral drapery would have been a deformity. Every evening the garden is lighted by colored lamps hung in arches over the walks, illuminated columns, and fantastic transparencies. One broad avenue terminates at one extremity by noble mirrors, that multiply to apparent myriads the crowds that resort to this fairy land. At the other end of this avenue a painting is hung, in which the walk is so well represented by the art of perspective, that it seems to stretch as far as the eye can extend; a winding path leads to a grotto, embellished with shells and corals, and sparkling with crystals; a fit bower for the pretty naiads. In another secluded nook is a hermitage, which seems to be in a deep and rocky recess, where sits a hermit, "reverend and gay." I would not advise my young friends to examine all these things by daylight, lest they should find they had been deceived by false appearances. There is no harm in an agreeable and innocent illusion.

But to return to our canaries, whom we left at the moment of impending evil.

Sophia, as we said, had always allowed her first canary the liberty of the room. The weather had now become so warm that she sat with her window raised, and the bird, either tempted by the sweet odors that rose from the garden, or the love of liberty, and probably not aware of the danger of separation from his family, flew out of the window. Sophia was alarmed and distressed, and she immediately hit on the most probable expedient for recovering the wanderer. She

had her cage conveyed to the garden.—The little rover was skimming the air and perching on the green branches, but the moment he espied his mate and her little ones, he flew to his house again, preferring captivity with them to freedom without them.

The cage was again taken in hand to be reconveyed to the boudoir. Mrs Canary seemed agitated and flurried with the sudden changes in her condition; her little head was turned with joy at the recovery of her mate. She flapped her wings against the wires of the cage, lighted on her perch, and on her nest, and finally, for the door of the cage had been carelessly left open, out she went. It was evident she was bewildered. The cage was set down in the hope that the instincts of the mother would bring her back, but I have no doubt the poor little creature was like a person suddenly deprived of reason. She flew round and round, as birds are said to do, when fascinated by a snake. There were some wild sparrows flying over the garden, and they hovered around her. This seemed still farther to alarm and distract her; the little vagrants encompassed her; enclosed her within their circle, and drove her off, and she was forever lost to her bereaved family.

I do not doubt her widowed mate felt all that bird could feel. He expressed his affection for his lost companion as good husbands should do, by the most devoted care of the little ones. Sophia was a foster mother to them, and he was father, mother, every thing. It was really affecting to see his care of them. It was as much as he could do, with all the aid Sophia gave him in cracking the seeds, to supply food to the hungry little fry; the poor fellow really became thin, while they grew apace.

Perhaps some of our young readers may not know how the parent prepares the food for the young bird. An egg boiled hard, a lettuce leaf, seeds and water, were all placed by Sophia within the bird's reach. He would take a little of each, and appear to roll the whole in his mouth till it was formed into a paste.—Then he seemed to swallow it; for when he was ready to distribute it to the birds, he made a motion with his throat, like that which is necessary to recover what is partly swallowed. While the birds were very young, one preparation would suffice for the whole; but in a few days, three of them would eat all their father

could prepare at once. He was not discouraged at this, but went patiently to work again. Sophia was alarmed lest he should forget which was the unfed bird; he never mistook, but always, like a just and good parent, made an equal distribution to all his children.

Never did a nursery, under the care of the most experienced nurse, thrive better. At the end of the week the female bird, the only female in the brood, was hopping off her nest. She was the most forward, knowing bird, of her age, ever seen. In a fortnight, she flew about the room, and lured her timid brothers to adventure forth. She continued to manifest the same bold, enterprising, independent character.

A friend of Sophia's who had admired, from day to day, the devotion of the father to his young, very kindly sent him the best reward of his fidelity, another mate. When I saw the family last, his second wife had built her nest, though not half so well as her predecessor. She was sitting on her eggs, and was most affectionately tended by her husband. Sophia complains that he has become somewhat of a hen-hussy, and had rather be covering over the nest than abroad on the wing, with his gay flock. They all live harmoniously with the step-mother, save the little vixen of a girl; and she pecks and scolds the lady-mamma, who bears her pettishness with calmness and dignity, and will, I doubt not, in time, subdue the little shrew.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

TO SORROW.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Why art thou so fair, thou lone maid,
 Why so mild is thy dark-beaming eye,
 So alluring thy cypress tree shade
 Where the hollow winds mournfully
 sigh?
 Do not smile with so witching a grace,
 Through thy tears, as they silently flow,
 For on thy pale, beautiful face,
 Is written the language of woe.
 With thy long and thy dark-flowing hair,
 The cypress less gracefully wreathes,
 And that strain wafted by on the air,
 No longer so mournfully breathe.
 Long have I been bound by thy spell—

To each nymph in Joy's train bade
 adieu—

Now, Syren, I'll bid thee farewell,
 And some mirth-loving maiden will woo.

But stay—a few leaves I will steal
 From the wreath round the bright brow
 of Joy,

Which wove with thy cypress may heal
 The peace which thou else wilt destroy.

Records of Woman.

THE COUNTESS AND THE DIAMONDS.

M. ESQUIROL, one of the most celebrated physicians in Paris, in cases of mental distress, was visited one morning by a lady about forty years of age, but still good looking. The carriage of the "Countess of ——" drove rapidly into the doctor's court-yard. The countess was instantly admitted, and with tears, and apparently in despair, exclaimed,

"You see, sir, a woman in the deepest affliction; I have an only son, who is very dear to me, as well as to my husband."

Here she wept so abundantly, that her tears seemed likely to rival those which the classical Artemesia shed over the tomb of Mausoleus.

"Yes, sir," she at length continued, "and for some time we have been under dreadful apprehensions. He is just at the age when the passions begin to display themselves. Though we indulge him in every way, allow him money and unlimited liberty, he has several times already shown signs of insanity. His monomania makes us the more uneasy, from his constantly talking, in the midst of other incoherent discourse, of *jewels or diamonds which he has either sold or given away*. We imagine that perhaps he may have fallen desperately in love with some woman, and that he may have contracted some heavy debts to gratify her wishes. This, however, is only conjecture: his father and I have bewildered ourselves to discover the reason of his folly."

"Well, madam, bring your son to me."

"To-morrow, sir, at twelve o'clock."

The next day the countess got out of her carriage at the shop of a most celebrated jeweller; and after having bargained a long time for a set of jewels worth £2,000, and made many difficulties she at last decided upon purchasing it.

She draws her purse out of her bag, and finds only bank notes for £400, which she displays; then putting them carelessly back into the bag, she said—

"Let some one go home with me, and my husband will pay him; for I have not the whole sum about me."

The jeweller gave orders to one of his young men, who darted from behind the counter, proud of the honor of accompanying a young countess in her carriage.

They arrived at the house of Mr Esquirol. The lady ran up stairs and whispered to the doctor, "Here is my son—I will leave you." Then turning back, she says to the young man, "My husband is in his cabinet; go in, he will pay you."

The young man respectfully enters—the countess trips lightly down stairs—the carriage drives quietly into the street, and when there, the horses set off at full speed.

"Well, young man," said the physician, "you know the state of the case. Come, how do you feel?—tell me what is passing in your mind."

"What is passing in my mind! Nothing, sir, but here is the bill for the diamonds."

"So—you are coming to it already! Good,"—said the doctor, gently putting back the bill,—"I know, I know."

"If you know the amount, sir, the only thing necessary is to pay me."

"There, there! be calm. Your diamonds?—where did you buy them?—what is become of them? Speak, don't be afraid. Come."

"I only want you to pay me £2,000."

"Ah, ah!—and why, pray?"

"Why!" exclaimed the young man, who began to grow angry.

"Yes—why am I to pay you?"

"Because the countess has this moment bought them at our shop."

"Good, there you are again. Who is the countess?"

"Your lady." And he continued to present the abominable bill.

"But, my good man, you must know that I have the happiness to be a physician and a widower."

At these words the jeweller put himself in a passion, and the doctor, calling in his people, ordered them to hold him by the arms and legs. The young man became furious, and roared out, "Thieves, robbers, murderers!" But at the end of a quarter of an hour he became calm, ex-

plained every thing rationally, and then a sudden light broke upon the doctor.

Every endeavor to discover the authors of this very singular and clever robbery proved useless; equipage, countess, and servants, had all disappeared.—*London Court Journal*.

For the Ladies' Pearl

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Though each memento now be dear,
By Friendship's hand recorded here,
Yet Time will consecrate each line;—
With each some flower will Memory twine,
And forms which thou may'st see no more,
To Fancy's eye full oft restore.
Some, still perchance in beauty's bloom,
Some mould'ring in the silent tomb,
Will, pictur'd in her faithful glass,
"A sacred band" before thee pass.
Thou still with Time, wilt be more dear,
Each tribute that's recorded here;
Unwither'd still the wreath that's wove
With flowers of Friendship and of Love.

The Literary Gatherer.

"I'm but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."

TEETH.—We wonder if all our female readers take proper care of their teeth? We hope so, of course, but we fear not. Some of our fashionable artists "could tell a tale would harrow up the soul," about young rosy and lovely creatures; the stars in the bright galaxy of mode, and the admiration of all our sex. Sweet souls, who smile and sigh and simper, and shew a set of most beautiful teeth once the property of a sea calf or hippopotamus. Of course, when ladies have bad teeth, they should go to the dentist; have them plugged and all that; and if they have got no teeth, why the proper way is to get them; but the *best* way (and that is as good as any) is for them to take care of their teeth when young, and never, under any consideration, let this duty pass. Brush your teeth with cold water and a little Peruvian bark in the morning; again with water only, directly after you leave the dinner table, and let this also be the last thing you do on going to bed. More depends on the state of your teeth while sleeping, than during any other

portion of the twenty-four hours. Never pick your teeth with a pin, nor suffer any metal to come near them; crack no almonds nor any other shelled fruit between them, and when you are sewing, never on any consideration *bite off thread*. Take your scissors; they are made for it; teeth were not. Remember how enticing a plain woman is with a heavenly breath, and how disgusting an angel would be with a bad one, and take our advice—we charge you nothing.

SEA-SIDE MUSINGS.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O, let me go down all alone,
And sit by the side of the sea!
The sounds of its voice give my spirit a
tone,
That hushes her murmur, and quiets her
moan,
Till woes that have pierced me, are dreams
that have flown;
Or drowned in the glory to be.

Each billow that mounts to my sight,
And sinks for another to rise,
Adoring its God in its moment of light,
And owning His power, in its fulness of
might,
To Him gives a smile, by a gleam from its
height,
And calls on His name, as it dies.

He holds the wild waters—they curl;
And sing in His hand to my heart,
The gems they roll o'er point my thoughts
to the pearl,
Which clasping, my spirit her pinions
would furl,
To rest where no blast of the tempest can
hurl
The soul and her treasure apart.

My wishes that vainly would roam,
And fasten on bubbles or air,
Are chid by the waves—by the hiss of the
foam,
And drop of the spray—they are bidding
me home!—
Home to my country beyond the blue dome!
My Father's bright mansion is there.

COMPENSATION OF MALE AND FEMALE LABOR.—The inequality of the wages of men and women has always existed, and is a curious instance of the operation of the principle that "right is power." This disproportion doubtless had its origin in the early periods of society, when laborious works and military achievements were alone held in estima-

tion. But in the present advanced state of civilization, the case is altered, and intellect and skill have superseded the brutal efforts of mere strength; the multiplied wants of our day, have given value to a variety of talents, which may be advantageously exercised by either sex.—The interests of morality require the abolition of this absurd and unjust depreciation of female talent, as it certainly operates as a check to the exertions of women, and tends to multiply the number of the frail and unhappy. It seems likewise to render women more willing to connect themselves in marriage with bad men, and thus takes off a portion of that moral restraint which the female sex naturally exercise over the male sex.

In Germany it is illegal for a young man to marry before he is 25, or any young woman before she is 18; and a young man, at *whatever* age he wishes to marry, must show to the police and priest of the commune that he is able, and has the prospect to provide for a wife and family. These remarks, says Mr Combe, apply more especially to Wurtemberg.—And here the peasantry are better off, more moral and refined, in fact have a better taste, &c., than in England or France.

PRESSURE OF THE SEA.—If a piece of wood, which floats on the water, be forced down to a great depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will be so severe, that a quantity of water will be forced into the pores of the wood, and so increase its weight that it will no longer be capable of floating or rising to the surface. Hence the timbers of ships which have foundered in a deep part of the ocean, never rise again to the surface, like those which are sunk near the shore. A diver may with impunity plunge to certain depths in the sea; but there is a limit beyond which he could not live under the pressure to which he is subjected. For the same reason, it is probable there is a depth below which fishes cannot live. They have, according to Joshlyn, been caught at a depth at which they must have sustained a pressure of eighty tons to each square foot of the surface of their bodies.

Be always expecting some trouble or other to interrupt thy outward peace and rest.

CLEARNESS OF THE ATMOSPHERE AT GREAT ELEVATIONS.—In ascending high mountains, travellers are often much deceived in regard to distance, on account of the clearness of the atmosphere. Capt. Head mentions, that while among the Andes, he dropped a condor shot, which appeared to fall within thirty or forty yards of the place where he stood, but, on sending a man for it, to his astonishment, he found the distance to be so great as to take above half an hour in going and returning. In the Pyrenees, the celebrated cascade of Gavimi appears about a short mile from the auberge, where travellers often leave their mules to rest, while they proceed on foot, little aware that they are thereby exposing themselves to a long and laborious walk, of above an hour's duration. In the Andes, Humboldt remarked this phenomenon, stating that in the mountains of Quito, he could distinguish the white pouch of a person on horseback, at the distance of seventeen miles. Another writer notices the same fact, and states that he has seen the planet Venus, in dazzling sunshine, at half past eleven o'clock, from the summit of the Pyrenees.

STUDY OF HISTORY.—Scholars have generally a better general idea of ancient than of modern history, because they study it more comprehensively. The boy's mind gets confused amid the multiplicity of wars, treaties, and revolutions which crowd the pages of our modern records. Objects so near the eye are always confused; we must remove them to a certain distance to give a good aerial and lineal perspective.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Men are like horse beans, the outside is good for nothing, but, with good boiling, they make a nourishing dish; women are like the more delicate bush-bean, in which bean and pod, inside and outside, are equally excellent.

WORLDLY PURSUITS.—The wishes and aspirations of our youth, are like columns of smoke, which, at first rise up towards the clouds, and then sink and sail along parallel to the earth.

WITTY PERVERSION.—Dr. William-son had a quarrel with one of his parishioners by the name of Hardy, who showed considerable resentment. On the suc-

ceeding Sunday, the doctor preached from the following text, which he pronounced with much emphasis, and with a significant look at Hardy, who was present: "There is no fool like the fool-Hardy."

TWO SORTS OF BLESSINGS.—"It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said some one to an ancient philosopher, who replied, "It is a greater blessing still, not to desire what one does not possess!"

YOUTH AND AGE.—Why try to lay up wealth for age, whose only pleasure is recollection, not enjoyment. Age lives behind, as youth does before it, and the abode of each is in a world of their own.

MARRIAGE.—Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy.

CONVERSATION.—Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

Editorial.

LITERARY WIVES.—In our last we promised our readers more upon this subject.—We then gave several instances of unhappy matches between literary men and their chosen partners—matches which if they were universal would justify the opinion of old Chaucer in the following lines:

Marriage is such a rabble rout
That those that are out would fain get in;
And those that are in would fain get out.

But happily for the prosperity of the temple and priests of Hymen it is not so, as we will prove by the facts that follow.

The learned and laborious Budæus was blessed with a wife who possessed erudition, taste and refinement; "the companion of his studies she brought him the books he required to his desk; compared passages, and transcribed quotations." When he languished, she animated him and inspired him with new courage to prosecute his mighty tasks. Besides this attention to her husband's happiness, she educated

eleven children! thus shewing herself faithful both as a wife and mother.

Margaret, duchess of Newcastle, may also be honorably mentioned beside the honorable lady of Budœus. She was herself a writer, having, it is said, produced, during her life, writings that filled twelve folio volumes! She too was the friend and assistant of her noble husband.

The wife of the author of the *Messiah*—Klopstock—thus describes her conduct in a letter to a friend respecting the progress of that poem. She says, “she knows the most of that which is not published, being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there of a subject of which his soul is just filled. Persons who live as we do have no need of two chambers; we are always in the same; I with my work, still, still—only regarding my husband’s sweet face, which is so venerable at that time, with tears of devotion and all the sublimity of the subject—my husband reading me his young verses and suffering my criticisms.”

With such wives as these literary men would most certainly be happier and more successful in the connubial state than in the comfortless solitudes of celibacy; and as what has been may be again, we contend that no lover of knowledge need despair of finding a partner at once suitable and agreeable—who will be friend, wife, and critic.

COMPANIONS.—Companions should be carefully selected and slowly confided in. Often, the whole character of a youth takes its hues and peculiarities from the associations of early days. Reputation, too, depends much upon the company we keep. Companionship supposes affinity between the parties. What then is the fair deduction, when a young lady is frequently seen in the society of the giddy, the gay, the idle or the loose? Clearly, that she has a secret love for these evils in her own breast, or at least, that her dislike of them is so small, she can *tolerate* them in others. Then, the danger of corruption is to be considered. It is far more easy to imitate *vice* than *virtue*—the latter is done by ef-

fort—the former, by imperceptible and easy steps.

Nor is carefulness in the choice of companions to be confined to those of the opposite sex. We should have no associate, male or female, who is not strictly moral in every respect. The least departure from the strictest rules of purity and morality in our presence or elsewhere should be the signal for the closing up of our acquaintance with the offender, unless unequivocal evidences of radical amendment are produced; and even then a most watchful caution should be exercised.

Would we then keep our characters pure, our reputation unsullied, and our principles uncorrupted? Let us be careful and select in choice of associates, and determine to live isolated amid society rather than be the companion of the wicked.

HUMAN GREATNESS.—The young Queen of proud Britannia, recently, came very near furnishing another instance of the instability of human greatness. Riding with her consort, Prince Albert, in Hyde Park, a lad, named Edward Oxford, fired two pistols at her majesty, but without effect. The boy was arrested. Reports respecting his motives are various: some avow him to be insane, others declare him to be the tool of a conspiracy to murder the Queen and change the line of succession. However this may be, one thing is true, to wit, that the woman who stands at the head of the greatest and most powerful nation in the world; who has armies and navies, gold and jewels, luxuries and pleasures, yea almost every object of human desire at her command, has not so peaceful a situation, nor so smooth a pillow, as the happy girl in New England who spins her father’s wool in the neat farm-house or watches the spinning jenny in our own quiet city of factories and good morals.

ORIGINAL TALES.—In our next we hope to be able to furnish one or more original Tales of deep and thrilling interest. A writer of no small fame has promised us her assistance.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

WORDS BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR—MUSIC BY THOMAS WILLIAMS.

Andantino Espressivo.

Fare - well, mother! tears are streaming, Down thy

pale and ten - - der cheek; I in gems and

ro - - ses . . beaming, Scarce this sad fare - - well may

Speak. Fare - well, Mother! now I . . leave thee,

Hopes and fear my bo - - som swell— One to

trust who may de - ceive me: Fare - - well, Mother!

Fare thee well!

2

Farewell, Father! thou art smiling,
 Yet there's sadness on thy brow,
 Winning me from that beguiling
 Tenderness to which I go.
 Farewell, Father! thou didst bless me,
 Ere my lips thy name could tell,
 He may wound! who can caress me—
 Father! Guardian! fare thee well!

3

Farewell, Sister! thou art twining
 Round me in affection deep,
 Wishing joy, but ne'er divining
 Why "a blessed bride" should weep.
 Farewell, brave and gentle Brother!
 Thou more dear than words can tell.
 Father! Mother! Sister! Brother!
 All beloved ones, fare ye well!